

MARVEL
11th Feb 89

THE REAL

GHOSTBUSTERS™

N035 38p

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THIS IS
MOST UNUSUAL,
RAY. I SEEM TO
BE PICKING UP
HIGH LEVELS OF
PSYCHO-KINETIC
ENERGY!

SURE, EGON,
BUT THAT DOESN'T
HELP US TO FIND
PETER, DOES IT?

PETEY?





It's snow joke being a Ghostbuster in this latest, greatest issue of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS**! Peter may be one cool dude, but this time he may have taken his image just a little too seriously. The guys are surprised to find that he has a very frosty approach in this week's **Winston's Diary**! It's not just Peter who's giving the cold shoulder. A young boy finds his father most unsympathetic when he discovers something other than the usual items of clothing lurking in his closet. His cries of help are ignored, but eventually his patience wears a little thin and he knows just who to call in **Skeleton in the Closet**. Janine's patience isn't her greatest attribute, and she also finds herself at the end of her tether in **Ghost of a Chant**! The strange phone calls that are driving her insane turn out to be the cause of another emergency call at Ghostbusters' HQ. It's all a case of Ghostbusters' label Bad Craziness. Read on if you dare!

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THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS™



PETER
VENKMAN



EGON
SPENGLER



RAY
STANTZ



WINSTON
ZEDDEMORE



JANINE
MELNITZ



SLIMER

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

SKELETON IN THE CLOSET

GOODNIGHT, JOHN! SLEEP TIGHT AND I HOPE THE MONSTERS DON'T COME TONIGHT!

DAD...

I KNOW YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME. BUT THERE ARE MONSTERS! THEY COME FROM THE CLOSET!

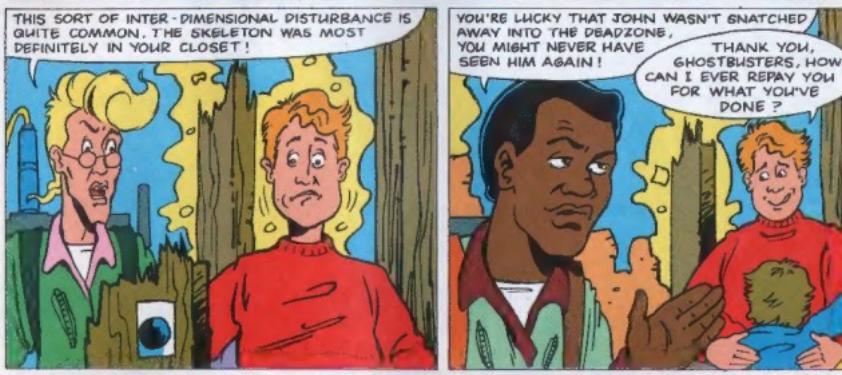
OKAY, JOHN! YOU JUST SHOUT IF THEY APPEAR AND I'LL COME IN AND CHASE THEM AWAY! NOW GO TO SLEEP!











SPENGLER'S SPIRIT

GUIDE

In Halibutt's *Incantations of the Otherworld*, we read the following couplet:

"Blake as nighte,
ande as coold as ice
Demones are not verry
nice."

Most unexpected, I'm sure you'll agree! The popular conception of the demon race, is that of fire-breathing, infernal beings of flame, sulphur and brimstone. Need I remind you of this passage from Tobin Chp. 12 Vers. 17:

"... Furnace-red, white-hot and as fiery as the Sun itself..."

However, "Coold as ice?" What can Halibutt be referring to?

THE CHILL PEOPLE

Recent research has turned up a possible answer to this conundrum. It is now believed that Halibutt was speaking of the so-called 'Chill People'. They are believed to be the branch of the demon family which have power over the sub-zero temperature and climate, as opposed to heat extremes of their sulphurous cousins. Cold Demons are much less common and much more aloof than their relatives, but can be just as dangerous to the unwitting or unprepared. In the light of this recent revelation, I'll take the opportunity to provide a rough guide to the demon-types of this rare and



PART 35

mysterious group.

Frost Sprites

Smallest of all, these little demons are actually surprisingly common. Closely allied to the Gremlin, the Frost Sprite makes its home in water pipes, car radiators and milk bottles during the winter months. Believed to be the source of the legend of Jack Frost, the dastardly deeds of these creatures are only too familiar: burst pipes, broken-down cars, and milk bottles on which blue tits have brained themselves trying to peck through the lid to get to the cream. Frost Sprites are completely terrified of anti-freeze.

Wastur — Bringer of Blizzards
This Class seven beast is ex-

tremely deadly. Its actual appearance is unknown, as all that is ever known of its passing, is a tremendous, murderous ice storm. It is believed that Wastur has had an ironic sense of humour. Victims who have somehow escaped its clutches report hearing a keening voice singing "...I'm dreaming of a white Christmas..."

Kjasst

Ruthless, predatory demons from the Himalaya Mountain range (and perhaps the root of the 'Yeti' myth), the Kjasst prey on unwary travellers more out of spite than anything else. It is believed that the Kjasst actually feels the cold quite a bit and charges about pouncing on people and savaging them mainly to keep warm and get hold of an anorak or two.

Mikalfish

Apparently harmless as far as demons go, the Class ten Mikalfish lulls his prey into a sense of false security by appearing as a pleasant-looking chap in a tweed jacket who says "... There's nothing to worry about... The cold front is moving away... We're in for a warm spell... No chance of snow at all... Outlook sunny intervals and absolutely no ice or frost whatsoever..." In a soothing voice.

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HOST WRITING!



Well the weather may be bleak, but at least we've got your letters to cheer us all up during the long winter months! Keep 'em rolling in!

Dear Peter . . .

Slimer always seems to slime you. Is that because you aren't nice to him and the others are? Slimer's all right, so start being nice to him even if you have to pretend.

— Sandra Jacques and Richard Thompson, Notts

Everybody keeps telling me to be nice to Slimer. That's why I made it my New Year's Resolution. It's not easy, you know. He eats my food and he slimes me. It's always me who's on the receiving end of his ectoplasmic exploits. The others reckon it's because Slimer likes me most. Is that the way to treat a friend? That's why I'm horrible to him sometimes. He might not like me as much then and hopefully, will stop sliming me.

I really like your great comic and I would like you to answer my questions:
1. How come Ghostbusters is a twenty-four-hour-a-day business. In *Haunted Melodies*, in issue twenty-five, Egon was out with Janine.
2. I really want to go out with Janine. Please tell her my star sign is pisces and ask her what hers is? I think she is a really beautiful lady!

— Martin McCafferty, Co Donegal

Thanks for your letter, Martin. 1. Give us a break! Ghostbusters IS a twenty-four-hour-a-day business. We're on-call all around the clock, but that doesn't mean that we have to bust ghosts during the whole of that time. We do go out and sleep occasionally, you know. It just means that we have to be prepared to drop everything in order to answer emergency calls if they come in. Good grief. Some people are never satisfied! 2. It's no good, Martin, we've tried the 'trying to make Egon jealous ploy' before and it hasn't worked. I'm not sure what her star sign is, but I know she was born in the Chinese year of the Dragon!

I have some questions for you:

1. How fast can ECTO-1 go?
 2. How old is Slimer?
 3. In the film, how did Dana float above her bed?
- Simon Robertson, Surrey

Thanks for your questions, Simon. 1. The maximum speed at which ECTO-1 can travel depends largely upon who is driving! Ray insists that we don't go any faster than one hundred miles an hour during an emergency, but I've known both Winston and Egon to send the needle off the speedometer in the past. 2. Egon believes that Slimer is somewhere in the region of five-hundred years old, but as I'm sure you can imagine, it's pretty difficult to work out how old a ghost is unless you know its history, and Slimer's origins are more-or-less a mystery to us. 3. She's an unusual lady! When I first met Dana, she was possessed. That means that some supernatural force had taken over her physical body. Well, we all know that the laws of the Supercosmos affect physical matter in extremely weird ways, and that's how she ended up suspended in mid-air! She does have some pretty strange habits you know.

In *Hawaii Fire Ho*, in issue sixteen, how come you had holiday clothes on, on one page, and then, on the next, you were in full busting gear?
— Karl Bourne, Chorley

Thanks for your letter, Karl. When we were put on a plane to Hawaii, I thought we were off on holiday. More fool me! When I discovered that we were actually expected to work, I had to change.

SLIME TIME!

Slimer wants your
jokes! Send 'em
to: SLIME TIME
Marvel Comics Ltd
13/15 Arundel Street
London
WC2



What do you get if you cross a telescope and a vampire?
A horroscope!

—Keith Middleton, Swansea

Here are some famous books about the supernatural:
The Vampire's Victim by E. Drew Blood
Foaming at the mouth by Dee Monic
Creature from Mars by A. Lee-En
Ghost story by Denise R. Knockin
Terrible Spells by B. Witcher

—Stephen Morris, Cleethorpes

Why did the stupid spook refuse to use toothpaste?
He insisted that his teeth weren't loose!

—Colin Hammond, Devizes

What is a monsters's normal eyesight?
20-20-20-20-20!

—Stuart Kemp, Bristol

Did you hear about the girl who got engaged to the poltergeist?
Nobody could see what she saw in him!

—Steve Elliott, Essex

ADVERTISEMENT

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He's a very friendly eleven million dollar military robot who wants to be loved and accepted by everyone. In SHORT CIRCUIT 2 he's helping his old friend Ben make it in the big, bad city. Keep your wires crossed he succeeds!



FROM FRIDAY FEB. 10 AT A CINEMA NEAR YOU

WINSTON'S DIARY

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF WINSTON SEDGWICK



Story JOHN FREEMAN Art BRIAN WILLIAMSON and TIM PERKINS

Friday, February the 3rd, 1989

It was cold, even for New York. The snow in Central Park looked even colder. We were despatched to look for a Mr. Fred Jones, one of the many park keepers there, who seemed to have vanished along with quite a few other people. Three bankers, two shopkeepers and at least twelve joggers. We were looking for them instead of the local police department because the 87th precinct had little experience of ghosts, and the levels of Psycho-kinetic Energy that Egon was picking up from Central Park had been high all week, and were even higher as we pulled into the place.

I shivered and blew into my hands as I waited for Egon, Peter and Ray to unload their Proton Packs and guns. The sun was shining, but I don't really like cold weather that much, and neither does Egon – it affects experiments in his laboratory, because it's so cold up on the third floor of the Ghostbusters' HQ. Still, it had been helpful in keeping Slimer in control, he seemed a little sluggish in such freezing weather. It meant that he couldn't raid the ice box so effectively without us seeing him.

"So, how many people have disappeared," I asked.

"Twenty-three, so far," Egon replied, studying his PKE Meter. "These paranormal energy levels are incredibly high," he added, "Quite unprecedented, even for this particular geographical location."

"Which is Egon's way of saying there's a lot more ghosts around than there should be," explained Peter to a bewildered Ray.

"May I suggest we begin a circumlocutory investigation?" Egon continued.

"Fine," I said, "Let's look around, too. Any clues?"

"Well, there was one report of a walking snowman . . ."

"You cannot be serious, Egon!" said Ray, looking anxiously around. "Whoever heard of a ghostly snowman?"

"Hey, Ghostbusters," came a discor-

dant voice, "It's snow time!" We were suddenly bombarded by a storm of snowballs, thrown by unseen hands from behind some trees. "Darn kids!" shouted Peter, dodging them all as Egon and Ray were buried under the fusilade. "I'll get them!" He raced off into the trees. Then there was a wild scream followed by silence. The barrage of snowballs stopped.

"What was that?" asked Ray.

"I don't think it was all harmless fun, that's for sure," I replied, checking that my Proton Gun was fully charged. Egon picked himself up, PKE Meter bleeping, wildly, in his hand. "I also suspect that those frozen projectiles were not launched by young humans."

"Then who . . .?"

"Stay where you are!" a discordant voice rang out across the cold air in the Park, and we turned to see a very bulky snowman stagger towards us. It also looked dangerous. Its coal eyes blazing red, a scarf trailing in the wind behind it, its charcoal mouth turned down in a very angry expression.

"You will join Shalbin in the great crusade!" it intoned, raising its arm.

"Get it!" I shouted raising my Proton Gun, as a blast of snowballs sprang from the snowman's hands. "No, run! Make for ECTO-1!" replied Egon, surprisingly brief for once. Although we were puzzled, we obeyed, escaping an avalanche of snow from the snowman.

Back in ECTO-1, we all paused to catch some breath. "Do you think . . . we got away?" gasped Ray, catching three breaths for my one. He really ought to stick to his fitness programme.

"I sincerely doubt it," replied Egon, "That snowman registered on both human and spook levels on the PKE Meter. It was a very familiar human reading."

Ray's mouth dropped open, wide. "You mean, Peter's trapped inside that snowman?"

"This Shalbin must be recruiting hu-

mans to do his work," I suggested. Dangerous stuff, possession. Its difficult to deal with too. Good job we're qualified, scientific experts.

"Shalbin will be obeyed!" came a loud voice once more, followed by more snowballs. "Run!" I shouted. So we did.

The snowman lumbered after us, intoning various strange incantations, which sounded a lot like Metal Witch lyrics to me.

"We have to find a way of separating this Shalbin spirit from Peter," shouted Egon, skidding on some ice."

"Great idea!" puffed Ray, "In the meantime, what do we do about those snowmen ahead of us?"

Up ahead of us, more than twenty snowmen, one with a tiny snow dog, lined the pathways. "We're in serious trouble here," muttered Egon.

"We're trapped," I said.

"Wait a moment," panted Ray, pointing at the snowmen, "Those snowmen aren't as bulky as Peter . . . he must be still wearing his Power Pack and Proton Gun!"

"If we could just get Peter amongst those other snowmen, there might be a way out of this!" I suggested. All right it was a crazy idea—but we were desperate!

"You mean—a controlled burst of proton energy aimed at Peter's backpack could cause it to disrupt the ghostly forces?" Egon looked sceptical.

"Exactly."

We looked at each other once, doubt crossed our minds. It was dangerous—very dangerous. We all raced straight towards Peter, dodged his blast of snowballs and pushed him straight into the crowd of snowmen. "Of course," I said, taking aim with my Proton Gun, "It could just set off the unlicensed nuclear power pack inside the backpack."

"That would be most unscientific, not to say, very messy," replied Egon. "However, it's our only chance—open fire!"

We let fly with our Proton Guns just as

the snowballs started flying again, sticking to our arms and legs in an attempt to take us over, too. The snowman roared with rage as the proton blast hit it, and Peter's back pack, inside the snowman, glowed ominously. "Switch off!" shouted Egon. "We can't risk another blast!"



"What if it doesn't work?" Ask Ray, trying to remove the snow from his arm. "We'll have to move to Greenland, I mumbled. We watched as the snowman glowed bright red, and then, there was a sudden blast of snow, a roar of escaping energy (measuring straight off the dial on Egon's PKE meter). As the blizzard cleared, we could see Peter—soaked to the skin but unharmed. The snow dropped off us—much to my relief—and all the other snowmen were suddenly transformed to ordinary-looking people. A terrier shook himself dry at my feet, the snow dog had gone as well.

"Hey—where did all this water come from? Why am I so wet? What happened?" chattered a frozen Peter.

"Well, Peter," I said, wiping the last of the snow from my overalls as the sun shone a little brighter. "Let's just say that we always knew you were cool, but try not to take it too far in future, Okay?"



KING REMILS

This familiar spook was an example of a class five incarnation. Some spooks can live through several incarnations in one form or another and this one just happened to be one of Slimer's previous lives. In this case, Peter was transported back in time and made friends with King Remils. The King exhibited many of Slimer's characteristics, such as a love for Peter and an enormous appetite. Peter decided to help him change his ways. The golden rule of time travel is to never alter anything as this can directly influence the future, and as King Remils adopted a more healthy attitude to life, so Slimer began to disappear as if he had never existed in the first place. Luckily, the Ghostbusters were able to track down Peter and prevent his destructive action. This highlights one of the major problems of busting ghosts. You can never tell which age or dimension the ghost has come from, and so by containing it, in effect, the whole of history could be changed beyond recognition.

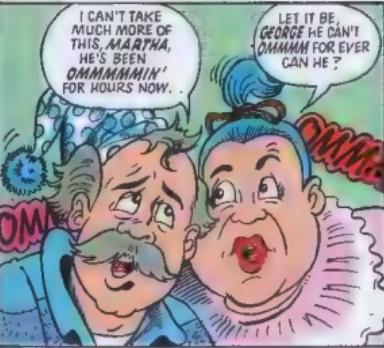


THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

GH~~O~~ST of a CHANT!

DOWNTOWN DOWNMARKET DUKAKIS AVENUE. NOT THE BEST PLACE FOR A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP.

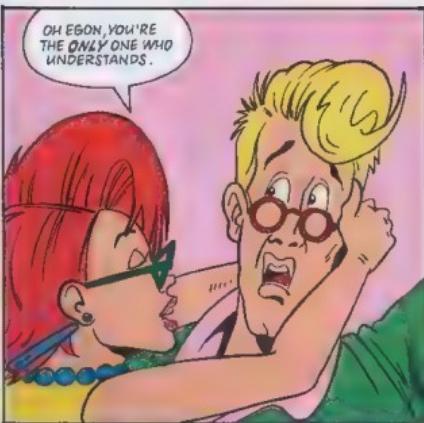
OMMM...OMMM...OMMM...

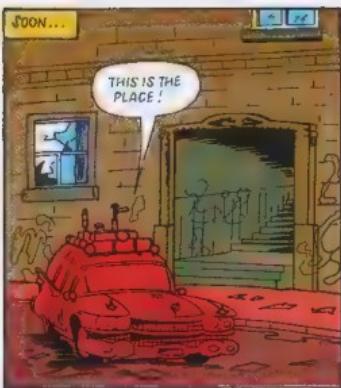


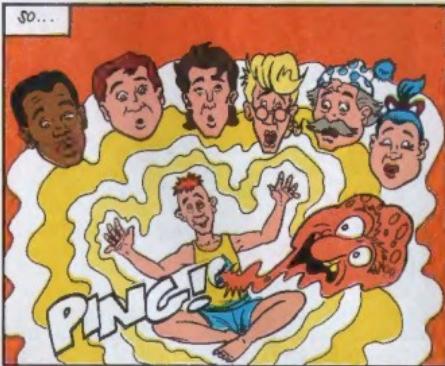
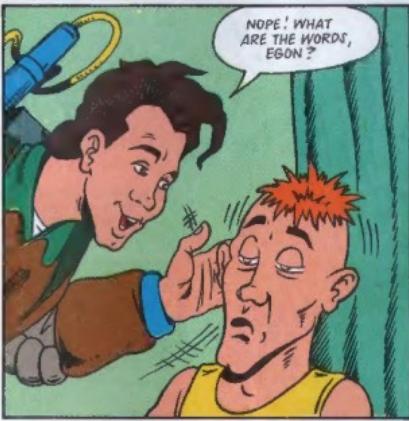
IT'S ONLY WILLIAM. WE SEE HIM ON THE LANDING ALMOST EVERY DAY.











BLIMEY!
IT'S...

SLIMER!



TODAY IS PANNECAKE DAY!
YAAA! SLIMER MAKE LOTS
AND LOTS OF PANNECAKES
FOR GHOSTYBUSTERS!



GULP! GOBBLE!



WOOPSY! SLIMER NEVER MAKE ENOUGH PANNECAKES
AT THISY RATE! SLIMER JUST GET MORE FATTY! YUP!



SLIMER! WHERE ARE THOSE
PANNECAKES? HUH? WHERE IS HE?



I WAS SURE I HEARD
HIS VOICE IN THE
KITCHEN!

WOOOOOO! SLIMER NOTTY
WANT TO EAT ANY MORE
PANNECAKES NOW! SLIMER
KNOW HOW PANNECAKES
FEEELY!



LOVE-STRUCK!



IN JUST 7 DAYS

THE MIGHTY MARVEL CHECKLIST

- TRANSFORMERS 204** The mayhem continues unabated as Autobots and Decepticons (of two eras) fall before the might of the part lobotomised Galvatron! Only one being stands a chance of stopping him and saving Earth. Trouble is, he's also the only being who dare not set foot on present day Earth! The penultimate chapter of Time Wars is by Furman and Sullivan.
- THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS 35** Is a small boy crying wolf, or is there really something nasty lurking in his wardrobe? Skeleton In The Closet is taken out by Carnell and Williamson. Plus, a chanting ghost causes problems in Ghost Of A Chant, by Padadopoulos and Williamson, and Peter becomes a snowman in Winston's Diary.
- DRAGON'S CLAWS 9** The cataclysmic conclusion to the N.U.R.S.E saga! As Dragon and Slaughterhouse battle for the amusement of N.U.R.S.E's maniacal Matron, the Claws must form a decidedly uneasy alliance . . . with the Evil Dead! Treatment is administered by Furman and Senior. Not for the faint of heart!
- THUNDERCATS 92** Lion-O faces his greatest challenge yet when he strives to free his mentor and friend, Jaga, from the Astral Prison. His jailors are Zimmerman, Rimmer, Wetherell and Baskerville. And there's love in the air for Snarf in this issue's special Valentine's Day text story!
- ACTION FORCE MONTHLY 9** When Action Force's Cover Girl goes undercover in Amsterdam, modelling a priceless diamond, it's a bait that Cobra can't resist! Trouble is, Cobra have considerably more in mind than simple robbery! Diamond Lies is by Furman, Smith and Elliott.
- DON'T MISS...**
- DEATH'S HEAD 4** There's something nasty lurking in Death's Head and Spratt's new office . . . and it's hungry! Can Spratt avoid becoming its main course? And what's the connection between the creature and Death's Head's current assignment in the heart of L.A.'s gangland? Plaguedog, by Furman and Sullivan, holds the answers.

ON SALE NOW!

JUST
WHO ARE
**THE SLEEZE
BROTHERS...?**



...AND
WHAT ARE
THEY DOING
ON THIS
PAGE?